

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

# MODERN

DECEMBER  
No. 56

COMICS 10¢





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# "Aepsi" THE PEPSI COLA COP

S.O.S. POLICE BOAT LOST OVER THE PEPES AND PETE'S BOAT





# BLACKHAWK



No matter where -- how small or how far a corner of the Earth -- There you will find EVIL! And there, too, will you find the BLACKHAWKS, administering justice! Such was the case of the BAVOLON ISLANDS where the MIGHTY BLACKHAWK was taken into bondage!













YOU'VE A FINE  
TALENT WITH THE  
PISTOL, KLEVE!  
HELP ME GET  
SKIP TO OUR  
PLACE!



STOW THAT  
TALK! HE'S  
COMING TO  
HIS SENSES!



THAT GIRL LULA YOU LIKE —  
WE'VE FOUND OUT SHE  
ARRANGED YOUR MURDER!  
NOW MAYBE YOU'LL HELP  
US IN WHAT WE  
WANT TO DO!

WHO ASKED FOR  
YOUR LICENSE? I'LL  
EMPLOY YOU! BETTER  
GET INTO SOME  
CLEAN CLOTHES!

THAT'LL  
BE A NOVEL  
EXPERIENCE,  
ANYWAY!

I SUPPOSE  
SO! I ALWAYS  
INSISTED THE  
NATIVES WERE  
OKAY — BUT I  
GUESS I  
WAS WRONG!

ALL I  
KNOW IS  
SAILING BOATS!  
SINCE I LOST MY  
LICENSE, I'M OUT  
OF ACTION!



YOU LOOK LIKE A  
SALTY SEADOG — WHICH  
YOU ARE! COME BACK  
AND TALK TO  
MR. HYPER!



TOUGH ON 'EM  
BUT I GUESS  
THEY DESERVE IT!











































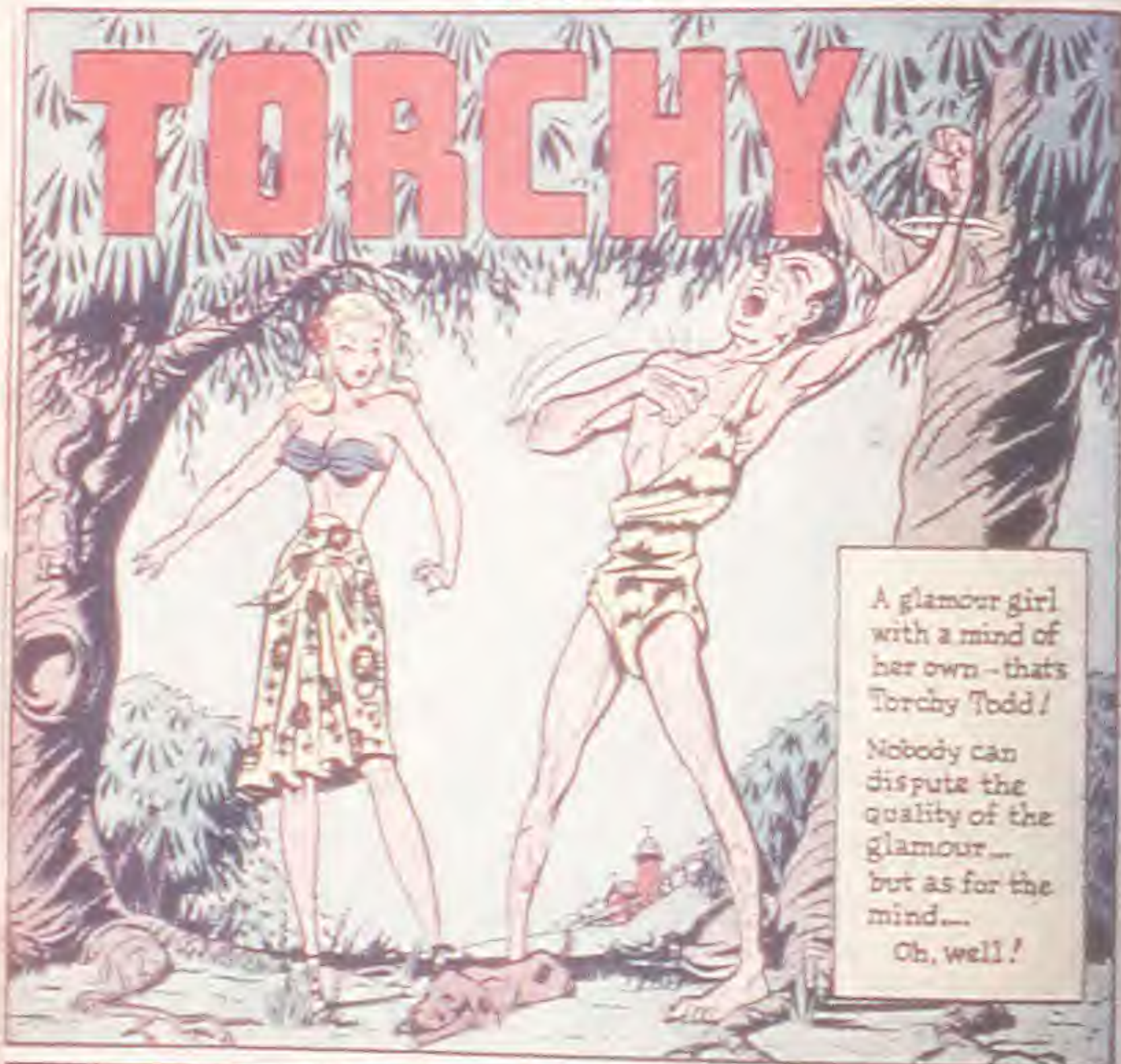


The fight over, the laborers set free...





# TORCHY



A glamour girl  
with a mind of  
her own - that's  
Torchy Todd!

Nobody can  
dispute the  
quality of the  
glamour...  
but as for the  
mind...

Oh, well!

OSCAR, I CERTAINLY WAS  
SURPRISED WHEN YOU  
INVITED ME OUT ON  
A TONIC! I DIDN'T  
THINK YOU WERE  
THE OUTDOOR  
TYPE!

WHY,  
TORCHY,  
HOW  
COULD  
YOU THINK  
ANYTHING  
ELSE?

ANYBODY CAN SEE I'M THE  
KIND OF MAN WHO'S AT  
HIS BEST UNDER  
THE OPEN SKIES!

YOU  
ARE!

OSCAR,  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?

PUFF!  
GURGLE!  
OH-W!









YOU... YOU... YOU WEAK-KNEED BUTTER-FINGERED, SPINELESS EXCUSE FOR A MAN!



YOU AREN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY AN UNDERNOURISHED MOSQUITO! AND YOU'VE RUINED MY SKIRT!



LUCKILY, IT'S PART OF A SPORTS COSTUME WITH SHORTS!



BUT TEEHEE! WHAT ABOUT OUR PICKNICK? WHERE ARE YOU GOING? **OW!**

HOME!



WHAT A WORLD, IF DICKIE IS AN EXAMPLE OF THE MODERN MAN! IT MUST HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL TO LIVE IN THE DAYS OF THE CAVE MAN — WHEN MEN WERE MEN!



OH, DEAR, I MUST HAVE WANDERED OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY!



HUH? GOSH! AM I SEEING THINGS... OR IS IT A CAVE MAN?















# DOGTAG



In the Army, they thought he couldn't be any dumber if he tried—but, as a civilian, Ex-Private DOGTAG is proving them wrong!





DON'T TRY TO FLATTER ME! YOU'RE JAYWALKIN' AND THAT'S AGAINST THE LAW! I'M NOT JUST GOING TO GIVE YOU A SUMMONS FOR A TRAFFIC VIOLATION...

...I'M GOING TO DRAG YOU INTO COURT MYSELF... PERSONALLY!

COURT HOUSE  
COURT, EH? THAT'S THE VERY PLACE FOR ME TO TRY OUT MY GREAT ORATORICAL POWERS!

DON'T PULL THAT DOUBLE TALK ON ME!

AS SOON AS BOPPO DUKE'S TRIAL IS OVER, YOU'LL GET YOURS!

IS HE GUILTY OF JAYWALKING, TOOT?

NO, BUT HE HELD UP SIXTEEN BLOCKS OF TRAFFIC BY BUMPING OFF SEVEN RIVAL GANGSTERS RIGHT UNDER A GREEN LIGHT!

AND SO I SAY TO YOU, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, THAT THIS BLOODTHIRSTY GANGSTER, WHO HOLDS LIFE SO CHEAPLY, MUST HANG FOR HIS CRIME!  
TSKI TSKI BOPPO DUKE NEEDS A GOOD LAWYER TO DEFEND HIM!

I'LL TAKE THE JOB!

HUH?











I DIDN'T MEAN IT,  
YOUR HONOR!  
HONEST!

THERE MUST BE  
A POINT OF LAW  
TO COVER ALL  
THIS!



AH! HERE IT IS! KILLING PEOPLE  
IN A COURTROOM IS JUST AS MUCH  
A CRIME AS KILLING THEM  
ANYWHERE ELSE!



BY THE WAY, HAS IT OCCURRED  
TO YOU THAT WHAT YOU ARE  
DOING MAY BE A CRIME  
PUNISHABLE BY  
DEATH?



IT  
MAY  
?

YES, SIR! IT SAYS SO  
RIGHT HERE!



I WOULDN'T WANT  
ANYTHING LIKE THAT  
TO HAPPEN!

GRAB HIM,  
BOYS! WE'RE  
QUITTING!



IT'S ALL HIS FAULT, JUDGE!  
HE ISN'T A LAWYER! I FINCHED  
HIM FOR JAYWALKING!

YOU  
DID!





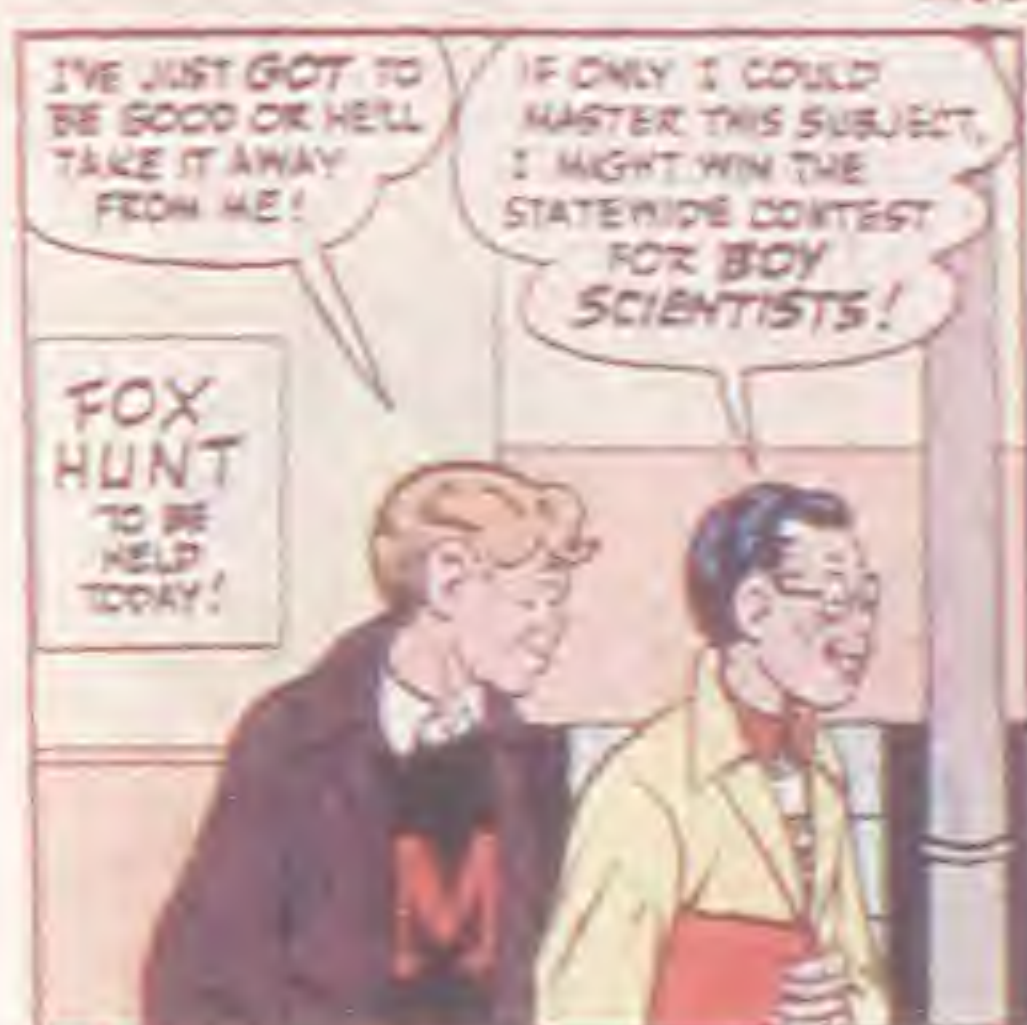




# EZRA













"HMM! 'THE PRACTICE OF HYPNOTISM REQUIRES A STRONG MIND TO CONQUER A WEAKER ONE!'"

"THAT'S RIGHT!"

"SOME RARE TYPES OF MINDS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO HYPNOTIZE WITHOUT BEING AWARE OF IT...  
AW, THIS IS A LOT OF BOSH!"

CLICK

CLICK

"THE PERSON HYPNOTIZED BECOMES GLASSY-EYED AND OFTEN WILL DO THE MOST UNUSUAL THINGS!"

"I'LL DRIVE BACK TO SCHOOL AND YOU CAN TAKE THE CAR FROM THERE!"

"THINK WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU -- DRIVE YOU TO YOUR DOOM! BUT DON'T WORRY, LITTLE FOX! I'LL SAVE YOUR LIFE!"

"OKAY! NOW BE CAREFUL OF MY CAR-- AND GET GOING!"

"JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME! YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME!"

"THANKS, ROLLO, YOU'RE A PAL! I'LL GRAB YOUR BIKE AND JOIN YOU AS SOON AS I CAN!"















hours later...

WHEW!  
HE'S SNAPPED  
OUT OF IT!



ETRA, W-WHAT  
H-HAPPENED?

JUST STICK AROUND,  
BUB, AND YOU'LL FIND  
OUT! YOU AND YOUR  
SCIENTIFIC  
BOOKS!



er, the home  
newspaper...

HIGH SCHOOL HUNT IS  
BIGGEST EVENT OF  
YEAR!



ETRA, I'M PROUD OF YOU!  
YOU'RE THE ONLY SENSIBLE  
LOOKING ONE IN THE PICTURE!  
I'VE DECIDED TO LET YOU  
KEEP THE CAR!

TH-THANKS,  
DAD!



OMHH, WHAT A MESS! I JUST  
KNOW IT'S GOING TO BE  
BLAMED ON ME AND WHEN  
DAD FINDS OUT —  
OMHHH!





# CHOO CHOO

THESE POSTERS OF MYSELF  
THAT I'M NAILING UP ALL OVER  
HOLLYWOOD ARE SURE  
TO MAKE ME FAMOUS!  
SOMETHING IS  
BOUND TO  
HAPPEN!



This is  
*Choo Choo  
La Moe...*

WANTED FOR  
MURDER

DANGEROUS  
CHARACTER...  
SHOOT TO KILL!



LOOK AT THAT BILLBOARD!  
CHERRY, WHY CAN'T  
THAT BE ME? SOME  
PEOPLE HAVE ALL  
THE LUCK!

ALSO TALENT,  
CHOO CHOO!



BARRIE  
LOVECALL!  
STUNS THE  
NAKED EYE!  
PHOOEY!

SCANDALOUS!  
DON'T  
MISS IT!















THIS IS A  
SECRET ENTRANCE!  
COME ON IN!

GOODNESS, YOU MUST BE  
**CRAZY** ABOUT SLAVE  
BRACELETS! YOU WEAR  
THEM ON **BOTH**  
WRISTS!



QUIET, EVERYBODY! DE GREAT  
DIRECTOR **SERGE SUITOFF**  
IS ABOUT TO **BEGIN**,  
TO **COMMENCE**,  
TO **START**!

WATCH CLOSELY AND  
YOU'LL SEE WHA NOBODY  
IS ALLOWED IN HERE!



SEE THAT AND THAT AND THAT?

OH, MY GOODNESS, THIS IS  
**SENSATIONAL!** I'VE GOT TO  
GET BACK TO THE OFFICE **RIGHT**  
AWAY!



HURRY! THERE'S NO  
TIME TO LOSE! THEY'LL  
MISS ME SOON!

THIS WILL MAKE THE  
**GREATEST STORY**  
OF THE AGE!



WHAT A  
**STRANGE**  
CAR! YOU'RE  
DRIVING BACK-  
WARDS!

YES, MY TWIN BROTHER IS THE  
CAUSE OF THIS! WHEN WE WERE  
KIDS, EVERY PLACE WE WENT, I  
HAD TO TAKE THE SEAT THAT  
RODE **BACKWARDS!** IT  
BECAME A **TERRIBLE HABIT!**



DON'T WORRY!  
HOW THE WORLD WILL  
KNOW THE **TRUTH!**

BUT HE MUST  
HURRY BEFORE THEY  
CATCH UP WITH  
US!



















# MAKER of RAIN

POVI, the Navajo, squatted in front of his Hogan turning himself. Life was good, mused Povi. He had plenty sheep, plenty wheat, plenty melons and maize.

What else was there to be wanted?

Povi was happy. Not only did he have a great deal of this world's goods, he had power. Yes, Povi had power—power to bring the rain when the crops thirsted or to bring sunshine and dry weather when the lowlands were too wet.

This early spring in the Valley of the Arizona had been fruitful. There had been just enough rain and sun. The corn and melons and peppers were lush. There would be a great harvest.

Inside Povi's hogan, several wives were busy, making a great noise as they went about their household tasks. Outside, Yenni, his favorite, worked industriously with metate as she ground maize into fine meal. Yenni could make wonderful tortillas.

With rare good humor, Povi watched her as her hands flew with the stone implements. Yes, Yenni was good. Life was good.

A scrawny dog came racing up the mound where stood Povi's hogan, yapping and making a great show. The animal raised a dust and Yenni tossed a stone at him and yelled, "Shoo!" Dust and maize meal was a mal mixture.

Yenni caught Povi's smiling eyes on her and she said, in mock ferocity, "O lazy one, you sit basking in the sun while we poor women work hard. For shame!"

Povi chuckled. Yenni had special privileges. He did not mind. She did plenty work.

He said, frowning ferociously, "See that the maize is ground fine, Yenni."

Toward evening, several of Povi's dark, tall sons came in. Their labors of herding the sheep in the richest grass were over for the night. There were other sons who took over on the night shift. They were hungry and made happy noises with their mouths as they smelled the delicious smells arising from the various bubbling pots. They, too, thought life

was good.

Aki, the eldest, had the first helping. He thought, as he sunk his white teeth into the piece of mutton, "One day I'll ride away and get me a wife."

That was as it had been since time immemorial.

Two of the boys had already ridden away, but they hadn't come back to the great reservation. War had come and both had enlisted in the white man's army. Povi had a newspaper clipping to prove that at least one of his elder sons had distinguished himself while fighting the yellow enemy across the sea. He always proudly got it out when visitors came.

Another of Povi's sons, too young to enter the service, had wandered down to Globe and got himself a job in a defense plant. When the war was over, he had gone on to greener fields. Now Benny, as he had been nicknamed, was a worker in a cannery on the West Coast.

Indian life was different, mused Povi as he ate his dinner. The whites and reds were mingling as if they had never been mortal enemies. Ah well, maybe it were better thus. Povi didn't know.

Sometimes Povi had trouble on his hands when one of the younger of his wives would upbraid him for making them do all the work.

"Our white sisters do not work," they would tell him seriously. "They sit still all day and go out at night. Have good time. We must work."

At such times Povi would call on all his ancient gods to give him strength to teach these recalcitrant wives their place.

"I, too, would like to live in the great city," said Yenni one day, wistfully, "would like to have good time."

Povi shook his head dully and began pointing out the many pitfalls of such reasoning.

Once Yenni flared up angrily and told Povi that she did not believe in his old gods, that for all she knew his making the rain or the sunshine was sheer trickery.

Povi was shocked and quickly made sev-



cabalistic signs, just to ward off the terrible punishment he felt certain would strike an erring one.

But Yenni only made a face and, turning, went down the mound into the twilight.

Yes, a medicine man had a hard time of it these days. Povi told himself. And maybe he would do well to be on guard . . . just in case. The spring faded into early summer. Hot winds whispered up through the valley, and the crops took on a pale, languid look. Water! Water," Nature cried. Yes, there must be rain or the crops would turn brown before their time.

Povi turned his head to the east and tested the wind with a moistened finger. Each day he did this but not a sign of rain was in the air. Yes, he must do something about it. Secretly, he had been praying to the old gods. They didn't answer. Or if they did, Povi heard them not. The rain did not come.

Needing tobacco, Povi rode into town one day and went to the general store where the Indians traded their silver trinkets and blankets for supplies. As he was waiting for his purchase, the proprietor snapped on the radio. A newscast came over the ether. Povi listened, enthralled, as he was always enthralled whenever he heard this white man's marvel speaking without apparent voice.

Could it be that all that great noise and talking came out of that tiny box? He asked the proprietor.

"Sure, Povi. Radio. Greatest little invention since steam. Listen." He turned up the volume. A blasting roar came out of the small mouth of the box. Povi jumped.

"Some outfit, eh, Povi?" He turned it down to normal again. And at that moment came a report that set Povi's whole being in tingling. He listened intently. This was it! Why hadn't he thought of it before? Why—he could—he could—yes, he could be omiscient, the greatest medicine man in the whole Valley of the Arizona?

Povi hurried out of the store after paying for his tobacco, and leaping onto his horse galloped toward home.

He would be the mightiest shaman of all the Navajos!

For another week the dry spell held and the crops turned paler and more sickly. The old men were grumbling and looking at Povi

with dark glances. Why didn't he implore the rain gods to send moisture?

Feeling he had to make a show, Povi held a meeting one evening on a high rock which had been used for the purpose of calling on the gods for centuries. Standing tall in his ceremonial robes, he called out to the heavens in a loud voice, beseeching them to open up and send forth their precious liquid. Then he shot five blazing arrows in quick succession into the night. With a solemn prayer, he ended the ritual.

The tribe went to their homes hopefully. Povi had never failed them before. But why had he waited so long this time? They didn't try to answer that. If his prayers worked, all was well.

Povi rode into town again the following day, and again he listened to the storekeeper's radio. He told the proprietor what he wanted to hear and the old trader grinned, winking. "I getcha, Povi. You'll have to wait till the quarter-hour though."

At half-past, the old man turned the dial and the well-known voice brought the report . . . yes, it was on the way. It would hit in exactly seventy-two hours.

Povi counted slowly. Then nodding in satisfaction, he mounted and rode toward home. That evening he called his people around him and told them that the rain—much rain—would come at a certain date. They had only to wait. He would fire only one blazing arrow into the sky—and the rain would fall.

On the specified date, Povi shot his arrow high into the night sky and stood waiting. Clouds had formed during the day, and he felt pretty sure about the rain. As Povi and the crowd waited silently, an eerie voice issued from his hogan:

"The expected storm has veered around and no rain is prophesied for at least another forty-eight hours. Valley ranchers are warned that crops . . ."

The crowd began yelling, screaming. Povi leaped to the hogan entrance just as his son—the one who had gone to work in defense plants—stuck his dark head out and grinned at his father.

"Hello, Popa! You can quit that stuff now. I've brought you a radio. You can get the weather reports every hour of the day. How ya like that, huh?"



# Poodle McDOODLE

HERE COMES THAT LITTLE KID WHAT STUTTERS! WONDER WHAT HE'S CRYIN' FER!



W-W-WAH  
W-W-WAH

WOTSA MATTER?

W-W-HO-MAN IS L-L-LAUGHIN' AT ME-HE S-SOBS B-B-BECAUSE I ST-ST-STUTTER!

HAW-HAW! JUST LISTEN TO HIM! AIN'T DAT RICH?



SHAME! IF THERE'S ANYTHIN' I HATE WORSE'N CASTOR OIL, IT'S GUYS WHAT MAKE FUN O' THINGS LIKE THAT! WATCH ME TEACH HIM A LESSON!



SO! YOU LIKE T'MAKE FUN O' KIDS DAT CANT TALK RIGHT, EH? I SPOSE YOU THINK YER PERFECT, EH?

GULP



WELL? WOTCHA GOTTA SAY FER YERSELF?

W-W-W...  
B-B-BUT--UH...  
G-GOSH--I...  
D-D-DIDN'--ER...  
TH-THAT IS--  
I G-G--!!



HAW! HAW!  
H-H-HE  
ST-ST-STUTTERS  
B-B-BETTER'N  
ME!

GUESS DAT TAKES CARE O' DAT!







# Will Braaaa























OMIGOSH! I'VE BEEN PAYING THE FINES WITH THAT MONEY! — I'D BETTER GET IT BACK!



— AND FURTHERMORE THE STATE WILL PROVE THAT — WHAT TH'—??

DON'T LET ME STOP YOU, D.A.! — I JUST WANT TO SEE THE CLERK FOR A SECOND!



PSSST! BUGSIE! IF YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THE MONEY YOU GAVE ME, I'LL GET IT RIGHT BACK!



HEH-HEH! ER — I — JUST REMEMBERED — THAT THE MONEY I GAVE YOU WASN'T MINE!

THAT'S TOO BAD!



NOW LOOK, BUD — I'M NOT KIDDING!

NEITHER AM I! IT BELONGS TO THE STATE NOW!



NOW SEE HERE — BUGSIE THE BURGLAR SENT ME THAT MONEY TO PAY THE JURORS! IT JUST ISN'T MINE!

WHAT???



YEAH, FINKY, GO ASK HIM YOURSELF! THAT BIG FELLOW WITH HIM BROUGHT IT TO ME!

NOW, BUGSIE?

YEAH! AN LET'S GET OUTA HERE BEFORE HE HANGS US!













# PRUDENCE









*Jim Prentice*  
ANNOUNCES AN  
**AMAZING NEW  
ELECTRIC**

**FOOTBALL**



*Exciting  
new principle!*

**OVER!**

**TOUCHDOWN and VICTORY!**  
**FAST ACTION . . . EVERY SECOND**

**Boys!**

PLAY AMERICA'S GREATEST GAME.

Now packed with new electrical excitement, a thrilling new principle. You and your opponent are quarterback - field general! Smart football usually wins. Imagine this, Score 7 to 7 . . . only two minutes to play. You call for a long pass, trick play or end run . . . ZINGO! the lights flash. . . it's over for a touchdown and win! \$2.50

**Game TESTING KIT** Have fun testing your electric game circuits. Complete with directions and two standard flashlight batteries. 50 cents.

Games operate on two standard flashlight batteries available at your neighborhood store. \$2.50 without batteries.

**FOR Sister - GLOW LIGHT PLAY STOVE.**

100% safe. Turn either one of the two levers, and there's a lovely red glow, but no heat to burn little fingers. **LIGHTS UP LOOKS REAL.** Heavy lacquered white available rare stock reinforced with wood. Shabbily built. 13 x 8 x 7 inches. Batteries included. \$2.00



14 x 12  
inches

**Electric BASEBALL** The most thrilling game ever made. Packed to imitate the speed of a steel ball. Day "swing" by pressing a control button. The ball crosses the plate. Instantly the game flashes on the multiple lighted electric diamond. Thrilling action! It's **ELECTRIC** \$3.50

**Electric BOWLING** It's lightning! Demands skill through coordination of eye and hand to score spares and strikes. \$2.50

**Mail Today - Money Back Guarantee**

**ELECTRIC GAME CO. INC.**  
481 First Street, Hialeah, Fla.  
Cash on delivery, 1 month 1

Please ship Prepaid money order (X)

☐ Electric Football \$2.50  
☐ Electric Baseball \$3.50  
☐ Electric Bowling \$2.50  
☐ Game Testing Kit .50  
☐ Glow Light Play Stove \$2.00

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Money will be refunded if unsatisfied. This is your money's worth.